

The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,

And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,

You laying these slight fallies on my sonne

As t'were a thing a little soyld with working,

Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound

Hauiug euer scene in the prenominat crimes

The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd

He closes with you in this consequence,

Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,

According to the phrase, or the addition

Of man and cōuntry.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?

By the masse I was about to say something,

Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,

He closes thus, I know the gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,

Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,

There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,

There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,

Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,

And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,

With windleses, and with assaies of bias,

By indirections find directions out,

So by my former lecture and aduise

Prince of

Shall you my sonne; you haue

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his m

Rey. Well my Lord.

Enter

Pol. Farewell. How now

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord,

Pol. With what it's name o

Oph. My Lord, as I was fou

Lord Hamlet with his doublet a

No hat vpon his head, his stock

Vngartred, and downe gyued

Pale as his shirt, his knees knoc

And with a looke so pittious in

As if he had been loosed out of

To speake of horrors, he come

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Oph. My lord I doe not kn

But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He tooke me by the w

Then goes he to the length of a

And with his other hand thus c

He falls to such perusall of my

As a would draw it, long stayd

At last, a little shaking of mine

And thrice his head thus wauin

He rais'd a sigh so pittious and p

As it did seeme to shatter all his

And end his beeing; that done

And with his head ouer his sho

Hee seem'd to find his way with

For out adoores he went witho

And to the last bended their li